

saying, 'It is a failure. People do not want to have anything to do with me. They will have none of me. I am making no impression upon them and I will turn away and give it all up.' Not at all. He found solace still in trying to bring souls to himself, and there is a solace in reaching for others. O, broken heart here today, saying to yourself, 'There is no balm for my wound;' there is a balm for it. Find someone who is sadder than you are, someone whose pathway is darker and more perplexed than yours, and issue the gracious invitation, 'Come, come unto me.' The true way is to find solace in comforting others."

I have been discouraged a great many times, and about as many times I have gotten out of my discouragement by engaging in some form of good work. One source of much strengthening solace to me is that of writing for the Christian press. But I have not written for the mere sake of the solace which it brings. My ruling purpose has been and still is to do a helpful service to some of my readers. If I could be made to believe that no one had been benefited by my writings I would not want to write another article.

THE POWER OF LOVE

MRS. SUSAN M. TELLER

Love is the highest experience of the human soul. Faith and hope, it is true, are gifts from God to man, but love is the very essence of God himself. God is love. When God imparts love to us he imparts himself. Every one that loveth is born of God and knoweth God. There is no simpler truth in scripture than this of God's love to man, and yet I know of no more difficult subject to present to the world. Any man's words fall so short of presenting the wondrous beauty and grandeur of the truth. The closer the communion a man has with God the less do any words on this great theme satisfy him. It is almost impossible to convince the world that God is love. For if the world were convinced that God was love, a God of mercy and not of judgment, our prisons would be empty and the kingdom of God would be established in our midst.

For love begets love, and if we can make men really believe that God loves them many will love him in return. If a man is covetous, he thinks every one else is covetous; if he is base every one else is base. And so men would think of God as like themselves, and because they love those who are lovable they think of God as only loving those who are good and who are deserving of his love. God's love differs from man's love in three important respects. It is unchangeable unfailing and everlasting. Human love is changeable. If God's love were like man's love there would be small hope for us. And it is this very

selfsame universal language of love, divine, Christlike love that we must have, if we are going to be used of God. A loving act may be more powerful and far reaching than the most eloquent sermon. I was reading sometime ago of a little boy who attended a Sunday-school. When his parents moved to another part of the city the little fellow still attended the same Sunday-school. It meant a long, tiresome walk each way. A friend remonstrated with him one day for going so far and told him that there were plenty of others just as good nearer his home. "They may be as good for others but not for me," was his reply. "Why not?" she asked. "Because they love a fellow over there," he replied. And so it is if we could only make the world believe that we love them there would be fewer empty churches and a smaller proportion of our population who never darken a church door. Now is the time to invest our love, lay it out and the returns will come in. Never forget that you will never reap what you do not sow. Do not expect sympathy if you have not given sympathy, do not expect love if you have not given love. In loving we gain love in return.

Let us do what will bring life, abundant life to you and others. The cup of life is at our lips, and we are only asked to drink! the stream of life growing! Every time we believe in the love God hath toward us and all mankind, we are taking the draught of life immortal. The continent of joy is ahead of you. Some day if we are only true to duty our keel shall touch a shore on which no pain or weariness will ever come. We shall have joy and gladness, and sorrowing and sighing shall flee away.

Here is a story of a little boy which runs as follows:

"He was only eleven years of age, a real boy, fond of sport and rather careless of his personal appearances. Indeed his mother could not get him to keep his boots blacked. In the school which he attended was a very pretty little girl who was the admiration of every one, and this boyish boy had thought her very pretty, but that is all. One morning he went to school with his boots more than usually dirty, and as he entered a room adjoining the school room he heard his name called, and looking up, the face of the beautiful girl appeared at the window. And all she said was, 'I love you.' He stood looking some moments at the spot where she had been, and then for the first time he was ashamed of his dirty boots and his careless appearance. The next day he surprised his mother beyond measure by the care which he prepared himself for school."

So it is a great need with human hearts. And the one thing that will make them sorry for sin (uncleanness) is just what

the boy had. The consciousness that he was loved. It was that that transformed him as love always does. We would not be conformed to this world, if we could be transformed by seeing a face and hearing a voice saying to us "I love you." Alas! it is because we do not realize this. That we are careless not of our personal appearances, but of our appearance in heart, our soul appearance. Learn to be merciful in word. If some one has made a failure, do not set his wounded pride to aching with your triumph, "I told you so." If a blundering friend has involved himself in difficulties, do not add to his mortification by reminding him that he has no one to blame but himself. There are words that are like pin pricks and others like a thrust from a dagger, and to use either is cruelty. Blessed are those who are merciful in speech who say that which soothes and comforts instead of that which wounds. To them God will show mercy when they are humiliated and cast down. A kind word may seem little for you to give but it may convey unbounded comfort to another, so do not withhold it. Love is the only bow on life's dark cloud. It is the morning and the evening star. It shines upon the Babe and sheds its radiance on the quiet tomb. It is the mother of art, inspirer of poet, patriot and philosopher, it is the air and light of every heart, builder of every home, kindler of every fire. On every hearth love was the first to dream of immortality. It filled the world with melody, for music is the voice of love. Love is the magician, the enchanter that changes worthless things to joy. It is the perfume of that wondrous flower! the heart. And without that sacred passion and divine swoon we are less than beasts. Love is the very crown of Christ's attributes, the argument which brings men to the foot of the cross upon which love hung him that he might save others by his death. Yea I love thee with an everlasting love.

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THE ATONEMENT

C. G. WOOD

It was a solemn, awful night. God was passing thro the land. His death-stroke was falling upon the first-born of Egypt, man and beast. But there was safety in the houses of Israel. A mysterious mark on the door-post averted death. It was a blood-stain, and it must be there. It was the night of the Lord's passover.

And unless the human soul is washed in the blood of "the Lamb of God" no power can deliver it from eternal death. God's law pronounces a penalty against sin, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die"—"The wages of sin is death."

Man has sinned and the sentence of death has been passed upon him. Where-